

Sketch

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Addiction

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addiction

by Lauri Jensen

a rose
sits on the table
red
white vase
i wonder
is it real?
when she nods
her head
her hair flows
black and caressing
she wears a tiny
red dress
a shade sweeter
than the flower
her laughter
is full and throaty
i can hear

from across the room
his smile is mine
but he gives it to her
like she is
the rose
and he is the sun
I see his lips
full and dancing
his voice is clear
in my mind
though i do not know
his words
the same voice
once muffled by my
lips neck breasts belly
he leans over
whispers something she blushes
at his fingers
they leave arm in arm
and I wonder if her skin
is soft like red red roses

i walk over

steal the rose
 bright crimson
 very real
 the petals fall
 velvet coins
 on the pavement
 i rip them out
 wishing it was his heart

instead of mine

Lines

by Lauri Jensen

Winding around
 like hair tangled by morning
 her voice is the rasp of branches
 grazing clear locked windows.

I lean forward
 hear her heart aching
 she never thought
 such a little thing
 like cheating

He was nobody
 could slash
 her life
 faster than scissors
 cutting her hotel receipts

He must have been somebody
 Who knows?
 He made her feel
 desirable,
 he filled
 a few voids,
 a couple nights
 although he forgot
 to ask about her day
 or call back.

The one who did